

The Walk to Emmaus

Among all the beautiful scenes in the life of our Lord, that life fraught on every hand with acts of untold loveliness, the walk to Emmaus stands out an incident of charming interest and rare beauty. We are thrilled with emotion when we dwell on the pretty story told by St. Luke with a matchless simplicity. In our imagination the scene of that blessed little journey is before us. We can see the two disciples as they wend their way from the historic temple city. The glory of the first glad Easter day has stirred their souls, and they commune with each other of the sacred events that have just happened in Jerusalem. While they are talking Jesus himself draws near.

And now the three are journeying together in the tenderness of the twilight beneath the blue, blue skies of Judea. As the disciples talk with this heavenly stranger of holy things, their hearts burn within them, so sweet and so uplifting is the conversation! We think they must have felt that they were in the society of a beautiful soul. Their eyes were holden so that they might not recognize the Savior; but surely they realized the presence of some saintly pilgrim. If ever human lives were blessed thru giving a kind invitation, these two disciples who begged their stranger friend abide with them, were. It was Jesus himself who was their invited guest and they knew it not until he broke bread. Lo! the Lord was with them and as soon as revealed he departed from them. In the very hour of that glorious revelation they started to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples the things that had happened in the course of their journey.

Our hearts are filled with an intense longing for a like experience. To walk with Jesus! we would never tire. To talk with Jesus! the conversation would be of continual interest. To entertain the Lord! we would never grow weary of showing our guest hospitality. To break bread with Christ! we would linger at our table if such were our privilege. These thoughts throng our mind. Yet every Christian may enjoy such association with Jesus. Too few of us, perhaps, have grasped the everywhere-ness of Jesus. He comes to us in manifold ways, if our hearts are open to receive him. Perhaps the one great lesson of the walk to Emmaus is the lesson of right conversation. It is true that there is far too little religious conversation among Christians. If we thought on holy things more, and communed soul with soul we should find the Master among us often; and our hearts should burn within us as new inspirations came to us thru Jesus' presence. If we oftener invited Jesus to abide with us, the Bread of Life should be broken to us oftener and in the breaking we should receive revelations of glorified things.

Among the beautiful things written of God's people are the words of the prophet Malachi: "Then they that feared the Lord spake one with another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." O, that we all would think much on the Lord and speak of him often one with another; and that, like the disciples of Emmaus, we would bear to others the blessedness of Christian conversation.

E. B. G.

A Rich Harvest

No respecter of persons is Death. Else he might have spared C. P. Huntington, the multi-millionaire, who suddenly died last week in his beautiful summer home in the mountains. Beginning life as a poor boy, he forged his own way up thru the world, they call it up, building railroads, towns, palaces, bribing legislatures and Congresses, amassing millions on top of millions, until in his old age Death surprised him, still busy with his schemes and his dollars, surprised him with the stern question of twenty centuries; "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall these millions be that thou hast provided?" For out of the midst of splendid health he was summoned into eternity. It was a hasty message, and there was not even a moment in which to dicker with Death. For once the shrewd old man of the world found somebody he could not bribe. Let us suppose even the briefest parley:

How much for another day?
Nothing, said Death.
Millions for an hour.
Not a minute, said Death.

The hundred millions of the imperial autocrat of dollars could not buy a single second, a tick of the clock. There is your boasted gold, your stocks and bonds and railroads and palaces. In that awful moment of the sudden, impatient summons which hurried this Dives into the presence of his Judge, they were not worth any more than the dust beneath the feet of his meanest menial. This man built a house in the great metropolis, so large, so substantial, so splendid, so luxurious in all its furnishings and embellishments, that one might fancy it would have answered for an everlasting habitation. Yet he was afraid to live in it, for fear he would die in it. He remembered the old saying that rich men build fine houses to die in, and he was superstitious about it, and afraid. Who was the richer, this man with his millions and his fear, or the humble Christian who is not afraid to die? He did not die in his palace, yet he died. Oh, the hollow mockery of Death's laughter when he looks at the worldling in the midst of his

world. There is a weird, yet familiar echo in it: "Thou fool! Thou fool! Thou fool. And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."

Getting Back to Christ

The great cry of the age is to get back to Christ. But getting back to Christ does not mean going back to the times of Christ; God forbid. We are not traveling that way. We are going forward; the watchword of the Christian is, "Go forward." We do not want to get back to the days of Christ or of the apostles; we have come to a better day than theirs, and we are going on toward a more glorious day yet. The golden age of which the poet sings is not in the past, it is in the future. Yet the world needs to get back to the principles of Christ and the practices of the apostolic days. It needs to get back in its faith and practice to primitive Christianity. It is not desirable to go back and live in the days when Christ lived. That would put us 2,000 years behind the age. But it is most desirable that the world today should live the life which Christ lived almost 2,000 years ago.

The One Opportunity

Right views of life do not come to us spontaneously. The education of the world is misleading. Unless we stop and think, unless we seek for other light than the maxims of the world, we will not gain the true meaning of life until it is too late to redeem the time. "Life is short," says the world, "therefore hustle, get all you can; enjoy all you can; fill the hours with pleasures." "Life is short," replies wisdom; "therefore do all the good you can, gladden as many hearts as you may; leave behind you precious memories of a noble and unselfish life." Some one has said: "We travel this road but once, therefore if there is any kindness we may do, if there are sad hearts we may cheer, if there are burdens we may help to lift, if there are lives which we may gladden, let us not miss this one opportunity, for it will never come again. We pass this way but once."

Usually Bad

Some one says, "doubtful amusements are like doubtful eggs—so likely to be bad that it is safest to let them alone." If Christian people generally would remember this bit of wit the question of "innocent" amusements would not trouble the church. In endeavoring to put these "doubtful" amusements to the test, one gets about as satisfactory results as the woman who had a way of testing eggs which never failed her. Put the egg in cold water and if it sinks it is either good or bad, she didn't know which.